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ALFRED J. LANE,
Editor and Publisher.

THE Summit Record

Is the best local newspaper in New Jersey. It is progressive and energetic and devoted to the welfare and improvement of Summit. It desires the support of the liberal-minded citizens of the community. The subscription price is two dollars per annum and no better investment can be made than in subscribing for this paper.

ALFRED J. LANE,
Editor and Publisher.

Subscription Price \$2 Per Annum

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In Effect Nov. 3, 1901.

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Leave Newark, N. J.

Arrive Newark, N. J.

Leave New York.

Arrive New York.

Leave

Arrive

Trains for Summit.

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Arrive Newark, N. J.

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JANGERENES, STRING BEANS,

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Directions with each box. Sold by Druggists or mail. Price, one receipt of Fifty Cents.

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how you ever got along with common coal stoves to heat your house if you have a modern steam heating system introduced. It is so much more convenient. But of course you are figuring on the cost. Everybody has to. We can tell you how to do it cheaply and still perfectly.

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Cures Weak Ankles

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The New Jersey Title Guarantee and Trust Company.

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MONTGOMERY STREET, JERSEY CITY.

INTEREST ON DEPOSITS!

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<p

LIFE'S COMPENSATIONS.

Why should we ever weary of this life?
Our souls should widen ever, not contract;
Grow stronger and not weaker in the strife;
Find in each moment with a smile each
Morn a life of joy, a life of happiness,
Duty, the duty to our fellow man,
And striving, labor to exalt our race;
Than our poor selves. With earnest hand or pen,
We shall crease our names a dwelling place;
Which not all ages shall cast down again;
Offspring of time shall be born each hour,
Wishes of old, earthly longing shall guard
Our posterity, and we shall be the power
And guide her future children hereafter.
—James Russell Lowell.

POOR OLD JIM.

D. M. QUAD.

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I was running on fast freight as fireman, and my engineer was a man named Cleville. He was ten years my senior and also an old bachelor. Jim was what everybody called a square man. He had lots of sentiment for a plain, uneducated man, and conscience so tender that he wouldn't have knowingly hurt the feelings of an Indian. He was a sort of "daddy," for 200 miles along the line and had the esteem of officials and men alike. The idea that Jim would fall in love at his age would have been laughed to scorn by all who knew him, and yet he not only "went soft" on a girl, but made the mistake that old bachelors often do. She was a girl named Mary Blaine, only half his age and a coquette and a flirt. We figured it out that there was more sympathy than love on his part, and that she was marrying him instead of a younger and better looking man because he had several thousand dollars in the bank and would baby her up. They were married on the quiet one day, and for a few weeks old Jim's face carried a look of contentment and things went well in his little home at Pine Hill.

By and by I noticed a change to anxiety, and at times the engineer was preoccupied and absentminded. I never asked Jim or any other man a question, but through the gossip of my landlady I learned that the young wife



I TURNED AND STRANG FROM THE OAK.

was very extravagant in her ways and was given to fits of sulks when reproved. It was also said that she was fond of going to parties and balls and was being generally criticized. Every week for many weeks I heard some new gossip, and while realizing that it must be exaggerated, there was enough truth to make me anxious about my old pard's happiness. I waited to believe the tales, and yet I found many others hinting that the young wife was not playing a straight game with the trusting husband. Such an affair is one of the insectus on earth to meddle with. It is none of your business even if you are a brother, and yet you feel that it is and want to do something. I wouldn't have bind old Jim deceived, and yet how could I go to him with the gossip?

By and by a passenger engineer named Frazer came to live at the Hill. He was a man of 23, good looking, good company and free handed. He knew Jim well, and he soon got acquainted with the wife. I threw myself in Frazer's way one day and told him what public gossip said and left it to him whether he shouldn't stop before the home was wrecked. He laughed in contempt. When I became indignant, he became defiant, and the result was a fight in which I battered him up until he was in bed for a week. Old Jim was sure to hear of the row, of course, and the day after it happened he looked at me in a queer way as we took our engine out of the stable. I felt sure he was going to speak about the fight, but he checked himself after a word or two. He had not only been told about the scrap, but what had led up to it as well, and there was only one of two courses for him to take. He must either bid me mind my own business and let Jim attend to his own domestic affairs or take it for granted that I was acting in a friendly spirit and be put upon his guard for the future. When he remained silent, I knew that he had adopted the latter course.

I do not know what man or woman my chum took into his confidence, but it was some one who kept him thoroughly posted. He must have reproved, argued and commanded, but the girl wife either openly defied him or slyly deceived him. Frazer was less bold after the row, and for a time it seemed as if harmony and happiness might be restored. It was all a trick, however, on the part of an infatuated, vain minded young wife on the one hand and an unprincipled man of the world on the other, a man who cared not what wrecks he left behind him.

We were just leaving our western

terminus one morning when old Jim received a telegram. He opened the telegram with steady hand, read the message without a tremor, and then twisted it up and lighted his pipe with it. And yet I came to know that the telegram told him that his wife and Frazer were eloping together and had left for the day express bound west. His imperturbability deceived me, and I did not give the message a second thought. A man must have nerves of steel to con a message like that and never blanch. At noon, when we reached Thomasville, we got orders to run to Bascom's and there side track for the express. We could do it with three or four minutes to spare. Bascom's was not even a station, but a siding half a mile long on the prairie, and we must do our own switching. For three miles beyond it was a straight track, and then it went curving and turning among the hills and over a brawling creek. When we had come within a mile of the siding, I looked for Jim to begin to slow up, but he made no move. Half a minute and he even increased the speed, and when I shouted in his ear he waved me back. We passed the siding at a clip of 25 miles an hour and gained on that every minute, and as I at last grabbed Jim's arm he pulled a revolver from his breast and motioned for me to stand back. The man had not gone crazy, he had not misunderstood his orders, but what was he doing in thus passing the siding? In a run of three or four miles we must meet the express. For a second I thought of attacking him with a poker, but he looked over his shoulder at me with a grim smile and motioned with his hand for me to jump. Then it occurred to me that the train had got away from him, and I turned and sprang from the cab. It was soft praise for the fall, but it seemed to me that I turned over and over 500 times before the breath was finally knocked out of my body. When my senses returned, I heard the hiss of steam and the shrieks and cries of injured men and women, and I had staggered along the track less than a mile when I came upon the frightful wreck. The engines of the express and freight had met head on, and 62 people had been killed and 70 injured in the awful smash. It was the most terrible railroad wreck for a score of years.

I helped to get old Jim's crushed and maimed body out, and I helped to get out the crushed and maimed bodies of his wife and Frazer, but it was days before I got at the true facts in the case. Finding himself betrayed, the old man had deliberately brought about the collapse that he might have revenge on the guilty pair and be wiped out at the same time. If he thought of the innocent who would suffer as well, he had no pity. He must have hated the whole world as well as those who had directly wronged him. It was an awful thing he did, but he offered his own life with the sacrifice, and somehow I have always felt that, even though he presented such a cool, calm front to me, the fires of insanity must have been blazing in his brain every minute after reading that telegram.

The American in Octofoon. The average adult American is a statistical octofoon. If the blood in the veins of all our people, white and black, were pooled and redistributed, each person would have about seven parts white and one part negro blood. The white strain is thin, moreover, by no means purely American. White strains of foreign origin, derived from Germany, Ireland, Scandinavia, Canada, Great Britain and the countries of southern Europe, are collectively more powerful in his composition than is the negro strain.

Thus, going back only one generation, we find him to be a composite, the creation of widely differing bloods and nationalities. The peoples of the earth, from the Kongo under the equator to the North cape of Europe, have contributed, either immediately or remotely, to his composition. But with all we find the Anglo-Saxon strain the dominant one. His political institutions, his laws, his social conditions and his mental characteristics, his power of initiative and his independence of thought and action are Anglo-Saxon, sharpened and intensified by fresh contact with nature under varied and untired conditions.

It is a strange and a gratifying thing to witness, in connection with this mixture of blood, the complete dominance of the Anglo-Saxon strain, and it argues well for its strength and vitality as well as for the welfare of the country which he occupies and governs.—Everybody's Magazine.

House Ventilation in Bombay. Most of the new houses in Bombay have a fine show of windows on the outside, but no corresponding opening to allow a current of air to pass through. The mean annual temperature is 70.13 degrees F., and the mean relative humidity 77 per cent. The mean annual range of temperature is 40.9 degrees, but there are periods during the rains when the diurnal range of temperature does not exceed 2 degrees, and, unless there is wind, ventilation is practically stopped because the outer air and that in the buildings is reduced to nearly one temperature.

With the thermometer at 82 to 84 degrees, and the air heavily charged with moisture, the surplus heat of the human body escapes too slowly, and much discomfort ensues. As it is not possible to dry the air in an ordinary house, the usual remedy is to produce a current by means of a punka, and although the influence of this is very local, it has been found that in the worst Bombay weather life is made tolerable by its current. The chief drawback of the punka is the punka walls. He is dirty, unreliable, especially at night, and his work, counting day and night, costs 24 rupees per month for a single punka.—Collier's.

THE STIRRUP CUP.

My short and happy day is done;
The long and lonely night comes on,
And at my door the pale moon stands
And casts her shadow on the land.

His whinny shrill, his pawing hoof,
Sound dreadful as a gathering storm,
And I must leave this sheltering roof,
And joys of life so soft and warm.

Tender and warm the joys of life;
Good friends, the faithful and the true;
My young children and my wife,
So sweet to live, so fair to view.

So sweet to kiss, so fair to view;
The night comes on the lights burn blue,
And at my door the pale horse stands
To bear me forth to unknown lands.

A QUESTION OF TEETH.

Did the Immortal George Wear Artificial or Natural Ones?

"George Washington's false teeth, which were supposed to have been made of ivory, are giving a certain class of freak historians about as much trouble as they must have given the venerable patriot who wore them," said one of the professors of the Smithsonian Institution to a reporter recently.

"Many times a year for several years this institution has been called upon to produce these mysterious teeth for the inspection of persons who insist that they are here.

"Our matter of fact answer to these inquiries that Washington had no false teeth, or at least if he did, that they are not in the possession of the museum, seems only to stimulate the inquiring mind to protest our statement. They proceed to use authentic accounts of these teeth and always conclude with expressing the belief that they must be in the museum somewhere.

"Where or how the idea that Washington had false teeth originated is an unsolved mystery. That it is firmly believed by many is certainly a fact. There seems to be no authentic record of the Father of His Country possessing ivory teeth, and by a study of the bust we have of him, which was made but a few years before his death, there is no indication of an indentation along the line of the gums such can be noticed in persons who have had their teeth drawn, even though they wear artificial ones. However, we will continue to answer the same question in the same way probably many times in the future."

According to some biographers Washington lost his teeth during his service as commander in chief of the Continental army and had a set of ivory ones made. These teeth, it is also stated, gave him much trouble because they did not fit.—Washington Star.

RAILWAY RUMBLERS.

Ireland claims the honor of the first electric railway in the United Kingdom.

It is said that the cheapest railway fares in the world are to be found in Hungary.

Denmark has a government railroad system of 1,167 miles and 625 miles of private railroads.

The Servian, Roumanian and Bulgarian railroads are owned exclusively by the respective governments.

Travelers on Prussian railroads whose baggage, through no fault of their own, fails to arrive with them can now have it sent on request free to their houses.

The difficulty of railway construction in some parts of Africa is illustrated by the fact that on the Freetown-Mattru line, in Sierra Leone, eleven steel bridges had to be built in a distance of only thirty kilometers.

A representative of the Paris Temps has been examining railway stations in Germany, and he declares that those of Dresden, Cologne, Hanover, Frankfurt, Bremen, etc., are far superior to any of the French except the Parisian.

Paying a Creditor.

Like many another famous man both before his time and since, Talleyrand exhibited, at least in early life, a great reluctance to settling with his creditors. When he was appointed bishop of Autun by Louis XVI, he considered a fine new coach to be necessary to the proper maintenance of the dignity of that office. Accordingly a coach was ordered and delivered, but not paid for. Some time after, as the newly appointed bishop was about to enter his coach, he noticed a strange man standing near who hopped continually until the coach was driven away. This occurred for several days until at length Talleyrand, addressing the stranger, said:

"Well, my good man, who are you?"

"I am your coachmaker, my lord," replied the stranger.

"Ah," said Talleyrand, "you are my coachmaker! And what do you want, my coachmaker?"

"I want to be paid, my lord."

"Ah, you are my coachmaker, and you want to be paid? You shall be paid, my coachmaker."

"But when, my lord?"

"Him," said Talleyrand, settling himself comfortably among the cushions of his new coach and eying his coachmaker severely, "you are very inquisitive!"

Salad Eating Good Sense.

Ever men are progressing gastronomically. Scientific dietetics has at last revealed to us the fact that the woman who eats salad on a hot day in July, August or September, is displaying sound gastronomic sense, says What to Eat.

The long haired dreamer in the restaurant may have upon nineteen different kinds of a salad upon every other proposition in life, but he knew what to eat on a hot day. The human animal needs grass or its equivalent in summer. With their oil the salads supply everything a man physically needs in hot weather. All the civilized races of the world are salad eaters, but Americans eat less than do any other people.

It is not a sign of mental decay or moral degeneracy for a man to eat salad; it is gastronomic sense.

Harper's Ferry.

Harper's Ferry was named after Robert Harper, an architect and mill builder, born in 1705, in the town of Oxford, England. He came to America in 1735 with his brother, Joseph, and settled in Philadelphia, where for a time he prospered but, failing later, concluded to join the Friends of Loudoun county, Va. En route to his new home he came upon the gap in the Blue Ridge mountains, where he made his home.

A NOVEL HOTEL BILL.

The Man to Whom It Was Presented Could Not Understand It.

"Talking about bookkeeping, there used to be a man in Yankton whose system of bookkeeping accounts was wonderfully efficient. He kept a hotel, and he could neither read nor write. He did not know how to spell his own name, but he did a thriving business and, collected, every dollar of his accounts. Once, years ago, when I first came to this country, I went to his hotel and stopped there two weeks."

"When I left, he presented me with a statement of what I owed him, and it was a curiosity. He had copied it from his ledger. At the top of the sheet there was a rude picture of a soldier marching along the road after his march and after it three straight marks. Then there was a scene showing a man at table eating. Then appeared a bed with a man in it. In the amount column there was a picture of a doll and after it the two letters 'RS.' After the picture of the man eating there were forty-two marks; after the view of the man in the bed, fourteen marks. I looked at the account, then at the proprietor, and told him it would take me a week to answer that conundrum."

"I was completely stumped, and when that hotel man deciphered the amount for me it was this: The picture of the soldier walking means march, and the three marks supplied the date, March 3, when I began boarding. The man at the table with forty-two marks after it indicated that I had eaten forty-two meals. The man in bed with fourteen marks showed that I had slept in the house fourteen nights. The doll with the 'RS.' after it meant 'dollars,' and in the figure columns appeared the figures 14, which was the amount I owed him. And it was a true bill."—Yankton Star.

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Summit Record

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All contributions intended for publication must be in the Record Office not later than Thursday.

All advertisements should be sent by Friday morning.

ALFRED J. LANE,
Editor and Publisher.

Mayor's Message and Appointments.

THE Mayor's message and his appointments, as announced at Tuesday night's session of the Common Council, can hardly fail to meet with the approval of all good citizens who desire for Summit only a fair, efficient and faithful administration of municipal affairs. The message may be said to mark an innovation in methods of city government since Mayor Baldwin's predecessor never deemed it advisable to send a formal review of the city's condition or needs to the Council. And in this, as in many other instances during his campaign and since the election, Mayor Baldwin has actually proved a revelation even to those who believed they were intimately acquainted with the man.

The message was a clear, forcible and comprehensive review of the city's needs expressed in such a plain, interesting manner and couched in so conservative yet progressive a strain that the most captious critic would have difficulty in finding any particular section meriting condemnation or censure. Every taxpayer must agree with the Mayor in his contention that the subjects demanding prompt attention and of the greatest importance to the city's welfare are the proposed railroad improvements, the question of a new lighting contract and preparations for securing a municipal water plant in 1905, if possible. To our readers of whatever political persuasion we commend a careful perusal of that message published elsewhere in this issue.

Mayor Baldwin's appointments will doubtless meet with the same measure of approval from conservative, intelligent taxpayers. In the naming of Police Justice W. C. Sampson the Mayor simply adhered strictly to his announced purpose of retaining faithful officials and selecting the most capable men available for all offices. His position has been, at all times that between Democratic and Republican candidates for office, all other conditions being equal, he would favor the members of his own party, and this position emphasized as it is by his first selections must prove gratifying to the substantial, independent citizens of the community and to the great majority of his own party who do not believe that municipal affairs should be conducted absolutely on the spoils theory.

Undoubtedly among some of his own party the Mayor will be criticised for his appointments, but that criticism will be based entirely on the theory that a party victory should be followed by a clean sweep of all subordinates, whether capable or not, and the installation of straight-out party men without regard to capacity or fitness. The taxpayers of the city have had more than a sufficiency of that sort of government for some years, and a continuance of it would not be tolerated. Justice Sampson's fidelity to the duties of his office and exceptional ability in disposing of the cases brought to the police court amply earned for him the reward of re-appointment, and in tendering that recognition Mayor Baldwin will be sustained by the great majority of Summit's citizens irrespective of party. Altogether

the Mayor's initial performances augur well for a clean, progressive and satisfactory administration of Summit's affairs during his incumbency.

The Newark News of Sunday contained a lengthy review of the career of a dog in Trenton that has devoted so much time to county buildings and offices that he has properly been designated a "political cur." The canine's history is somewhat remarkable, but Elizabeth can discount Trenton on this score. That city has four politicians of the same species.

For Municipal Plants.

COUNCILMAN FRANKLIN's resolution to investigate the question of a municipal water and light supply, is actually about the first intelligent move that has been offered towards securing something that it is universally agreed should have been obtained many years ago. If the men named on his committee will give to this investigation that energy and ability which they are known to possess, there is no doubt that some plan can be devised by which Summit will secure relief from the exactions that necessarily attend the control of such public utilities by a private corporation.

For years the taxpayers of the city have protested vigorously against the charges they have been obliged to meet for water and light service and have witnessed towns and cities much smaller than Summit flourish and prosper with municipal water and light plants, and while demanding relief in a similar way for this community have preferred to rely on the men they selected for public office to take the initiative towards meeting their wants. Until the present that reliance has been misplaced. Now the taxpayers have an opportunity to arrange for the relief so long demanded, and we believe the character of the committee selected for this investigation is a sufficient guarantee that the opportunity will not be lost.

The claim that Summit's present bonded indebtedness precludes the possibility of securing the anticipated relief has some basis, but the committee selected by Mr. Franklin's resolution can undoubtedly devise ways and means to offset this handicap, and every person having the interest of the city at heart must hope that they will agree to accept the appointment and start promptly on the work of preparing to meet the conditions that will confront the city with the expiration of the present water contract.

SCHEDULES on the Morris & Essex Railroad are no longer prepared for the purpose of giving the time for trains to arrive at or start from the various stations. They are intended merely for mathematical exercises for the trainmen, and the engineer or conductor who regarded a time-table as a serious matter would no doubt receive the reprimand he deserved.

The Democrats of Elizabeth, are to be commended for the swift and vigorous punishment they are meting out to the four renegades who violated their pledges of honor to the caucus selection for City Clerk and defeated that candidate merely to save their own selfish purposes. Jimmy Manning in whose interest the deal was arranged will have his office and the salary attached to it for three years but he is paying a heavy penalty for it in the contempt which he has aroused among former friends and party colleagues and which will last long after he has retired as City Clerk. Treachery has never yet proved permanently profitable and the case of the Elizabeth traitors thus far indicates that their perfidy is not likely to prove an exception to this rule.

One of the state newspapers expressed some surprise a few days ago because Foster Voorhees had not been mentioned as a Senatorial possibility. It is strange. Those who have profited from his career as Governor might at least have accorded him the honor of a mention even though it must necessarily be in the class with Benjamin H. Gratz.

ALL the news of Summit and vicinity in the RECORD, \$2 per year.

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IN THE CIRCUIT OF THE CITY

NEWS GATHERED FROM THE HIGH WAYS AND BY-WAYS OF SUMMIT.

Political and Business Items Deemed of Sufficient Interest to Require Space in the Record's Columns—Notes and Gleanings of a Personal Character and News of Various Kinds—General Outline of Life in Local Circles During the Past Seven Days.

—Mr. Parker W. Page started on Tuesday for a visit of one month to Florida.

—Mr. William Halls, Jr., started last Saturday for an extended business trip to Alabama.

—Mrs. Brown, of Baltimore, is spending a week in Summit as the guest of her aunt, Mrs. W. H. de Forest.

—"Chelsea" the former home of the late A. F. Cushman on the Boulevard was sold this week to Dr. W. H. Risk.

—Next Monday evening Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Cushing will celebrate the twentieth anniversary of their wedding with a reception at their home on Park Avenue.

—David B. Gray, of Summit has been appointed travelling passenger agent for the Chicago, Milwaukee & Saint Paul Railroad with an office in New York and that state and New Jersey assigned as his territory.

—At the Y. M. C. A., Directors meeting on last Monday evening the matter of the annual banquet was discussed, and a committee of five appointed to make the necessary arrangements. It will be held early in March.

—John A. Hicks is the Summit representative on the Grand Jury empaneled for the January term of court which opened in Elizabeth on Tuesday. Amos A. Potter was chosen from New Providence and John R. Allen from Springfield.

—Miss Joya Humphreys, daughter of Mrs. F. B. Humphreys, whose childhood days were spent in Summit, with her mother was one of the prominent guests at the ball given for Miss Roosevelt, daughter of the President at the White House on January 3.

—The Fortnightly Club will hold a regular meeting at the Library next Wednesday at 3:30 p. m., and it will be in charge of the Department of Social Science. An address will be delivered by Mrs. Lillian Betts on "We and our Neighbors."

—One of the interesting features of the program prepared for the twenty-seventh annual meeting of the New Jersey State Horticultural Society in session at Trenton this week was an address on "Rose Culture" by Mr. John N. May, of Summit.

—Mr. C. W. Slocum, of Newark, who is an expert instructor in handwriting has completed arrangements to visit the Summit public school one day in each week for the next month during which he will give instructions in writing to both pupils and teachers at the school.

—The Morris & Essex managers have arranged for what are termed schools of instruction to be conducted at various stations on the road for some time in order that an expert on all the company's rules can impress on all trainmen a complete understanding of those rules. Tonight this instructor will visit Summit and the trainmen stationed at Summit or in this vicinity will receive instructions at a session to be conducted at the Freight office.

—The Y. M. C. A. announces the following addition to its already well-stocked reading room: The Fortnightly Review, The Contemporary Review, Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine, The Westminster Review, The Nineteenth Century and After and Frank Leslie's Monthly. This makes the Association reading room about the most complete in the state, and one Summit people may well be proud of.

—Mr. E. C. Hinsdale who was one of the victims of the frightful disaster on the New York Central Railroad on Wednesday resided in Summit until about two years ago. His last home here was the Lothrop homestead at Madison Avenue and the Boulevard and from this he removed two years ago to New Rochelle. He had been connected with the Morton Trust Company in New York for years and was 50 years of age. He was dead when found in the wreck and his back and ribs were broken. A wife and one child survive.

—A host of young friends and associates in Summit together with a large number of more mature acquaintances with whom he was equally popular will leave with regret the departure last week for China of Percy Wisner, son of Mr. and Mrs. John H. Wisner of Hobart Avenue. The trip is made for business reasons but in all probability it means his permanent residence in that country. He has arranged to stay there for at least five years. The young man is associated in business with his father.

—A large attendance listened yesterday to the reports made at the W. C. T. U., meeting yesterday of the work performed at the National W. C. T. U. convention presented by Mrs. Hussey, Mrs. Norton and Mrs. Nicoll.

—Last night the junior department of the Y. M. C. A. were treated to a personally conducted trip to Egypt. Mr. Armand de Potter was in charge of the party and the journey proved a thoroughly enjoyable one. The views were thrown upon a large screen by a powerful stereopticon and described by Mr. de Potter in an interesting manner. The juniors were delighted and are looking forward to next Friday evening when the trip will be continued.

—Patrick Tierney who was for more than thirty years a well-known character in Summit died in St. Michael's Hospital last Sunday after an illness of several weeks. He was 65 years of age and for so years had lived much as a hermit in a small cottage on Stony Hill. His time there was devoted almost entirely to the reading of works on religion and to the care of a large stock of poultry and on the latter he depended entirely for his livelihood. His funeral was on Thursday and after a mass in St. Teresa's Church the body was interred in St. Teresa's Cemetery.

—The first snowstorm of the season on Wednesday provided only a few hours of sleighing although in its first stages it seemed liable to prove a heavy fall. It was sufficient to call out the snowploughs of the Town Improvement Association and they made two trips to almost every section of the city clearing the paths in excellent shape and adding materially to the comfort of those obliged to walk to or from their homes. The association intends to continue this work whenever necessary this year and the citizens should at least make certain that the members do not lack the funds for their excellent work.

—The new station of the Lackawanna Railroad at Maplewood was opened for business Wednesday. The building, which is constructed of brick and artificial stone, presents an attractive appearance. It is located about 400 yards east of the old station, and is approached on the south side from Baker street by an extension of Jerome avenue. An approach has also been made to the station on the north side of the track for the benefit of patrons riding on westbound trains. The main station and "shelter-house" are connected by a tunnel under the tracks, so that the necessity of crossing the tracks at grade is avoided. The building is heated by steam and lighted by electricity.

—The safe in the new Short Hills Post-office was blown open, last night. The concussion broke down two doors and otherwise wrecked the building. The burglars entered by removing a large pane of glass from the front door. A number of blacksmith tools and a heavy railroad crowbar were found in the scraps of iron. The burglars, after blowing off the outer door of the safe, began drilling the inner compartment and the valuables were placed. When half way through the steel, their drill broke off. They made one more unsuccessful attempt to bore through either with the object of breaking the combination or of putting in another charge and blowing it out. Nothing but a small number of stamps and a little change is missing, but a thousand dollars will be required to restore the safe and building.

RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

The Rev. W. Warren Giles will preach morning and evening tomorrow at the Baptist Church. Meeting subject, "A Great Life Built of Small Things"; evening subject, "The Watchers About the Cross and What They Thought of the Dying Christ." Evening worship will be preceded by a service of prayer beginning at 7 p. m. The pastor will preside at the mid-week service on Wednesday; subject for next Wednesday, "The Baptism of Jesus Christ"; a study in the regular course upon the life of Christ. The church sociable, postponed from last month because of the death of Mr. Leonard Day, will be held on Friday evening. Sunday school 9:45 a. m.

—Central Presbyterian Church, Rev. Theodore F. White, D. D., pastor. Sabbath services, public worship, 11 a. m., and 8 p. m.; Sabbath school, 9:45 a. m., Christian Endeavor prayer meeting 7 p. m.; mid-week service, Wednesday 8 p. m.; Women's Society, for Christmas, second Tuesday of each month.

—Mr. J. G. Van Cise will address the men's meeting at the Y. M. C. A. tomorrow afternoon at 2:30.

WILLING WORKERS' GRATITUDE.

The Willing Workers Club wishes to thank the public and all those who so kindly assisted in the entertainment given at Willard Hall, December 26th and reports that the total receipts that night were \$58 net receipts \$41.12. This added to the proceeds of a previous entertainment, \$5.45 makes a total of 45.57 to be placed in the bank as a building fund for the Fountain Baptist Church.

CONFERENCE WITH RAILROAD OFFICIALS.

Council and Citizens Committee Meet Chief Engineer and Attorney Last Night.

Officers of the Morris & Essex Railroad, Summit's Common Council and a citizen committee held a meeting in the Summit City Hall last night to consider a proposition from the railroad company looking to several very important improvements in the company's lines here. Engineer MacFarlin and General Attorney Ross were present for the railroad company and Summit was represented by Mayor Baldwin, Councilmen Jones, Hand, Street; Franklin President Taylor and Messrs. Finch, Van Cise, J. J. Boyd Risk, of the Citizens Committee.

The company's formal proposition was handed to Clerk Day by Engineer MacFarlin and was read as an opening to the meeting. The proposition stated that the company was willing to enter into a contract with the city for a change of its grade and line from the Passaic river to a point about 1500 feet east of the present railroad station, eliminating all grade crossings in Summit by passing under Summit, Maple, Springfield and Morris avenues and over Passaic, New Providence and Mt. Vernon avenue, the bridges across the former streets to be of steel with concrete floors, driveway twenty-eight feet wide and sidewalks on each side six feet in the clear. These changes would mean a depression of ten feet for Summit avenue, Maple avenue elevated a foot and a half, Springfield avenue elevated about two and a half feet and Morris avenue elevated about six feet.

The plans also include a magnificent new railroad station with a waiting room on the south side of the tracks, and more important for the city the engineer had mapped out a plan that would provide a splendid drainage system by means of pipes in the concrete retaining walls which would dispose of nearly all the city's surface water. This drainage system alone had been estimated a value of \$10,000 to the city. The company estimated that its total expenditure here would be about \$50,000, and of this the city was asked to contribute \$40,000. The company's original request was for ten per cent. of the cost, estimating that cost at \$400,000. After the proposition had been read a general discussion of its various features was indulged in and practically every one of those present expressed the belief that it would prove an admirable improvement for the city and increase the value of property from ten to twenty per cent.

Mr. MacFarlin declared that the proportion of cost asked from Summit was extremely liberal and the company would consider no proposition on any reduction from that figure. City Engineer Seiler was called into the discussion and went over the plans thoroughly with the railroad officials. After an open session of almost two hours the railroad representatives and all others except the committee withdrew and the subject was then discussed in executive session. Another meeting on the question will probably be held next Thursday evening.

FORTNIGHTLY'S RECEPTION.

Charming Musical Program Presented to a Large Audience.

The New Year Reception of the Fortnightly Club was held on Wednesday afternoon and despite the inclement weather about 140 guests enjoyed the program that had been arranged and the general happiness that always attends the social functions of the Club. As usual this reception was under the direction of the Department of Music and their work was performed in a manner that left nothing to be desired. The chapel in which it was held was decorated in the Yuletide colors of green and red and a large number of potted plants added materially to the beauty of the room. The guests were received by Mrs. T. F. White, J. Mrs. North and Miss Watson.

Miss Ruth Baynard, violinist, and her accompanist, Miss Karlene Holquist, aided the Department of Music in entertaining the guests and the program was as follows: "Serenade" from Bohm and Largheto, by Miss Baynard; Grieg's "Humoresken" and "Papillon," on the piano, by Miss Bond, and the following songs: "A Song of Seasons," "Under the Greenwood Tree," a Christmas pastoral, "Holy Christmas Night," and "Gute Nacht." These were rendered by Miss Esther White, Miss Grace Porter, Mrs. Vreeland, Miss Cassidy, Mrs. Theodore F. White, Jr., and Mrs. Twombly. After the program refreshments were served by the Entertainment Committee.

WILLING WORKERS' GRATITUDE.

The Willing Workers Club wishes to thank the public and all those who so kindly assisted in the entertainment given at Willard Hall, December 26th and reports that the total receipts that night were \$58 net receipts \$41.12. This added to the proceeds of a previous entertainment, \$5.45 makes a total of 45.57 to be placed in the bank as a building fund for the Fountain Baptist Church.

E. J. DORSEY & SONS.

HEALTH BOARD'S ANNUAL MEETING.

Officers Re-elected and Isolation Hospital Question Discussed.

The annual meeting of Summit's Health Board was held Wednesday night, but far more interest was manifested in the question of the hospital than in the question of whether Summit should be prepared in advance for any small-pox emergency by the erection of an isolation hospital than in the election of officers of the Board. The members had taken a position several weeks ago in favor of erecting a permanent hospital on a plot of ground owned by the city on Passaic avenue and had requested the Common Council to appropriate \$1,500 to defray the cost of erecting and furnishing such a building capable of accommodating ten patients and nurses. The Finance Committee of the Council reported against the plan and in favor of delaying action until a case of small-pox appeared here and then providing for it by purchasing a portable building.

The Board at this meeting unanimously decided not to reelect from its original position in favor of a permanent building, but to endeavor to induce the Finance Committee to alter its decision. The question of the site on Passaic avenue was however abandoned because of the vigorous opposition of the property owners in that section. The members declared, however, that two other sites were available, each more than one-half mile from any residence, but declined to divulge the location.

The annual report of the secretary was submitted and allowed a birth rate of 25.85 per 1000 and a death rate of 15.25 per 1000 in the city. Dr. Lawrence was unanimously re-elected president of the Board for the coming year; Dr. J. E. Rowe, secretary and Health Inspector, and Timothy J. Scott, Plumbing inspector.

The question of plumbers bonds which had been referred to Mr. Dunn was reported on by that member with a recommendation for their approval. These bonds were of D. L. Hughes and Louis Petersen and at the previous meeting the Board declined to approve them, because it was claimed that Petersen was not capable of performing plumbing contracts and Hughes was objected to principally because he had sold his plumbing contract business to A. Thompson and now desired to engage in business again. Mr. Dunn's recommendation was adopted by the Board and the following plumbers also submitted bonds that were approved: J. L. Hynes, Samuel O. Feets, and Wells and Newton Company. An amendment to the Board's ordinance which made the annual meeting the second Wednesday in January was finally passed also at this session.

MISS HARTSHORN'S WEDDING.

Pretty Ceremony Solemnized in Short Hills on Monday Afternoon.

Simplicity marked the marriage, Monday afternoon, of Miss Joanna Dixon Hartshorn, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Hartshorn, of Short Hills, to Harold Wright Hack, of Taunton, Mass. The ceremony was performed in Christ Church in the former place, by Rev. N. Barrows, the rector. Following the ceremony, however, a brilliant reception was held at the palatial residence of the bride's parents.

The church was decorated with holly, ferns, smilax and white flowers, and was filled to its capacity. The bridal party arrived at the church promptly at 3 o'clock. Professor Roth, of the New York Theological Seminary, played the Lohengrin wedding march as the bridal party proceeded to the altar, where the groom and the best man, Joseph S. Graydon, of Boston, awaited them. The bride leaned on the arm of her father, who gave her away. Her dress was of white satin, en train, trimmed with duchesse lace, and caught here and there with lilies of the valley. She wore a full tulle veil, secured with white feather flowers, which her mother wore at her wedding. A diamond pin, which was a gift of the groom, was the only ornament the bride wore. She carried a bouquet of lilies of the valley.

Miss Cora L. Hartshorn, a sister of the bride, was maid of honor. She was attired in pink green crepe de chine, over white, trimmed with white lace. Her hat was of white chiffon trimmed with large white ostrich plumes, and she carried a bouquet of maiden-hair ferns. Her ornament was a gold chain pendant, a gift of the bride. The bridesmaids, Miss Jeannette Boice, of Farmington, Conn.; Miss Nettie E. Durland, of Chester, N. Y.; Miss Harriette C. Ming, of New York City, and Miss Emily W. Mayandler, of Boston, wore white crepe de chine over green, trimmed with lace insertion. They had on large hats of white roses and green leaves. Their bouquets were maiden-hair fern, and they also wore ornaments of gold chain pendants of different designs, the gifts of the bride. Mrs. Hartshorn, the bride's mother, wore gray paрадель satin, trimmed with old Irish point lace, and Mrs. Hack, the mother of the groom, was attired in gray crepe de chine.

The ushers were Stewart H. Hartshorn, of Short Hills, a brother to the bride; Herbert Ward, of Newark; Lorry Swasey, of Taunton, Mass.; Caister Mayandler, of Boston; J. Benchlaine, of St. Louis, and Hale Brabrook of Taunton. They and the best man wore boutonnieres of lilies of the valley and gold cuff buttons, given them by the groom.

The reception began at 3:30 o'clock, in the large library, which was elaborately decorated in green and red. A stringed orchestra discoursed music from the inside back of the music room, hidden behind a curtain of smilax. Following the reception a collation was served, after which the newly married couple strolled on the wedding trip.

JAMES F. O'BRIEN'S DEATH.

Proprietor of Morrissey's Hotel for Several Years Succumbs to a Long Illness.

James F. O'Brien died at his home, corner of Springfield and Chestnut avenue, on Tuesday night after a long illness. About six months ago he first became ill with a liver and kidney complication and his decline thereafter was rapid, although at times he rallied a trifle and from these temporary rallies seemed to gain encouragement for ultimate recovery. Prior to that he had always been apparently of a rugged robust constitution, but since about one month ago he was confined to his room and from that time it became only a question of days until the end came. He seemed to suffer much pain, but for three days before death ended this suffering he was unconscious with temporary lucid spells, during which he was able to recognize the members of his family, to whom he was deeply devoted and who were all present when the final summons came.

Mr. O'Brien was forty-seven years of age and had resided in Summit about five years, during which he conducted Morrissey's Hotel, one of the oldest establishments of its kind in Union County. Prior to that his lifetime had been spent in Brooklyn, where he also conducted a hotel and where he was closely identified with the political affairs of the city and interested in athletic events of various kinds. Of a genial, pleasant disposition he made hosts of friends both in Brooklyn and Summit and the floral tributes sent by these friends to his funeral were profuse and elaborate. He was for years a member of the Royal Arcanum and had also been identified with several clubs in his former home in Brooklyn.

A widow and four children survive him. The funeral was on Thursday and after requiem mass in St. Teresa's Church the remains were transferred to Holy Cross Cemetery for interment. The pallbearers were James H. Martin, William H. Swain, T. J. Scott, E. J. Midloway, William Moore and John Sullivan.

\$10.00 This Week.

An allowance of \$40.00 will be made to all students from Morris County, who enter for the full course on or before January 9, 1902.

WOOD'S COLLEGE,
FIRST IN AMERICA.
51 Broad St., Newark, N. J.

Advertise in the SUMMIT RECORD want column for all wants.

POSTMASTER OSBORNE'S SHORTAGE.

Succeeded in Taking One Thousand Dollars by Mailprinting Money Order Account.

Inspector Cortelyou of the Post-office Department who has been investigating the condition of affairs at the West Summit post-office for the past ten days finally completed his work Wednesday and it shows that Joathan Osborne, the postmaster who disappeared about one month ago had succeeded in securing \$1,000 of the government's funds without detection before he left for parts unknown.

Osborne had been postmaster at West Summit for about twelve years and had resided in that section practically all of his life. He disappeared about one month ago and his wife attended to the duties of the post-office as she had frequently before during temporary absences of her husband. When he failed to return in about two weeks she endeavored to straighten some tangle in money matters and finding it impossible notified the department and Cortelyou was sent to investigate. He found that nearly all of the defalcation had resulted from manipulating the money order account and that these dishonest transactions dated back to a period of about four months.

Osborne's method according to Lawyer E. L. Mc Kirgan, who represents his bondsman was to issue a money order on some other office to a man named Taylor. Nearly all of these orders were endorsed by Taylor and made payable to a third party and cashed by the latter. A considerable proportion of them were drawn on the Newark post-office. The identity of Taylor has not been discovered. No person of that name resides in the vicinity of West Summit.

No word has been heard from Osborne since his disappearance but the amount of his defalcation is to be paid to the government by his bondsman who are D. L. Osborne, his brother and Mrs. Deen a wealthy aunt in New York City. Osborne's wife is temporarily in charge of the post-office for the bondsman. The office is a small fourth-class one and its business is confined entirely to about sixty families residing in the western section of Summit and in a portion of New Providence.

Subscribe for the SUMMIT RECORD and get ALL the news of Summit and the surrounding towns.



Our 21st Special Bargain Sale

To eclipse any like merchandising event in the history of Newark is in progress. For more than twenty years these Annual Sales have grown and improved, because we offer each year.

A stronger quota than ever of specials from each department representing personal wear and articles for the home.

Greatest shopping opportunity of the whole year. Relentless mark-downs on thousands of items, regardless of previous cost or value. Not a "Threadbare Tale of Woe Sale," not a "Manufacturers' End Sale," not an "Unseasonable Weather Sale," but just a plain, bona-fide Price-Reduction Sale of desirable goods which we wish to put in service at once, prior to inventory, and to make room for our daily arriving Spring Stocks. We assure our patrons that there will be no disappointment in money-saving expectations.

Specials in Ribbons
Specials in Handkerchiefs
Specials in Velvets
Specials in White Goods
Specials in Clothing
Specials in Wash Goods
Specials in Muslin
Specials in Hosiery
Specials in Upholstery
Specials in Furs
Specials in Jewelry
Specials in Garments
Specials in Silks
Specials in Leather Goods
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Specials in Linens
Specials in Blankets
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SPECIALS IN ALL OTHER DEPTS.

No Agents.
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Free Deliveries.

707 to 721 Broad St.,

NEWARK, N. J.

AND YOU AWAY.

Tells that over the meadowings,
Flowers that make the May,
But how can the world of the summertime
And you away, away?

And you away, my dear,
With the sigh and the falling tear,
How can the world sing or say,
And you away, away?

Learned there on the hills supreme,
Earth in its rosy ray,
But how can earth of the morning dream
And you away, away?

And you away, my dear,
With the sigh and the falling tear,
What can the world sing or say,
And you away, away?

—Frank L. Stanton.

A Highwayman's Juliet

A Celebrated Author's
Wife Fancy.

By ARTHUR T. GUILFORD-COUCH.

The house in question was what Peter the Scholar (who corrects my proof sheets) calls one of the rushmerry sort—the front facing a street and the back looking over a turfed garden, with a lime tree or two, a laburnum and a lawn tennis court marked out, its white lines plain to see in the starlight. At the end of the garden a door, painted dark green, led into a narrow lane between high walls, where, if two persons met, one had to turn sideways to let the other pass. The entrance to this lane was cut in two by a wooden post about the height of your hip, and just beyond this, in the highroad, George was waiting for us with the doegart.

We had picked the usual time—the dinner hour. It had just turned dark, and the church clock, two streets away, was chiming the quarter after 8 when Peter and I let ourselves in by the green door. I spoke of and felt along the wall for the gardener's ladder that we knew was hanging there. A simple job there never was. The bedroom window on the first floor stood right open to the night air, and inside was a faint candlelight flickering, just as a careless maid will leave it after her mistress has gone down to dinner. To be sure, there was a chance of her coming back to put it out, but we could hear her voice going in the servants' hall as we lifted the ladder and rested it against the sill.

"She's good for half an hour yet," Peter whispered, holding the ladder while I began to climb; "but if I bear her voice stop I'll give the signal to be cautious."

I went up softly, pushed my head gently above the level of the sill and looked in.

It was a roomy place, with a great half tester bed, hung with curtains, standing out from the wall on my right. The curtains were of chintz, a dark background, with sprawling red poppies sprawling over it, and the farther curtain hid the dressing table and the candlesticks upon it and the jewel case that I confidently hoped to stand upon it also. A bright Brussels carpet covered the floor, and the wall paper, I remember—though for the life of me, I can not tell why—was a pale gray ground, worked up to imitate watered silk, with springs of gilt honeysuckle upon it.

I looked around and listened for half a minute. The house was still as death here—not a sound in the room or in the passages beyond. With a nod to Peter to hold the ladder firm I lifted one leg over the sill, then the other, dropped my feet carefully upon the thick carpet and went quickly around the bed to the dressing table.

But at the corner, and as soon as ever I saw around the chintz curtain, my knees gave way, and I put out a hand toward the bedpost.

Before the dressing table, and in front of the big glass in which she could see my white face, was an old lady seated.

She wore a blaze of jewels and a low gown, out of which rose the scraggliest neck and shoulders I have ever looked on. Her hair was thick with black dye and fastened with a diamond star. Between the two candlesticks the powder showed on her cheek bones like flour on a miller's coat. Clasped on hand, she was gazing steadily into the mirror before her, and, even in my fright, I had time to note that a glass of sherry and a plate of rice and curried stood at her elbow among the rouge pots and powder puffs.

While I stood stock still and pretty well scared out of my wits the rose still staring at my image in the glass folded her hands modestly over her bosom and spoke in a deep, tragic voice:

"The prince!"

Then, facing sharply around, she told out her thin arms.

"You have come—at last!"

There was not much to say to this except that I had. So I confessed it. Even with the candles behind her I could see her eyes glowing like a dog's and an uglier poor creature this world could scarcely know.

"Is the ladder set against the window?"

"Since you seem to know, m'man," said I. "It is."

"Ah, Romeo! Your cheeks are ruddy—your poppies are too red."

"Then I'll add my color's come back; for to tell the truth, you did give me a turn just at first. You were looking out for me, my doubt!"

"My nature!" She stretched out her arms again, and, being pretty well at my wife's end, I let her embrace me. "It has been so long," she said—oh, the wry wifey! And they'll treat we where have you been all this teollow time?"

I was not going to answer that, you may be sure. By this time I had recovered myself sufficiently to guess what

was near the truth—that this was a man hunt of the family below, and that the game was in my hands if I played with decent care. So I m'fther question with another.

"Look here," I said. "I'm running a considerable risk in bringing these persecutors of yours. I hadn't we better elope at once?"

"I am ready."

"And the jewels? You won't leave them to your enemies, I suppose?"

"She turned to the dressing table, lifted her jewel case and put it into my hands.

"I am ready," she repeated. "Let us be quick and stealthy at death."

She followed me to the window and, looking out, drew back.

"What horrible, black depths!"

"It's easy," said I, "as pie. You could do it on your head." Look here! I climbed out first and helped her, setting her feet on the rungs. We went down in silence; I choking all the way at the sight of Peter below, who was looking with his mouth open and his

lips too weak to meet the curses and wonderment that rose up from the depths of him. When I touched her hand, him the jewel case, be took it like a man in trance.

We put the ladder back in its place and stole over the turf together. But outside the garden door Peter could stand no more of it.

"I've a fire in my pocket," whispered he, pulling up, "and I'm going to fire it off to relieve my feelings if you don't explain here and now. Who is it?"

"She's the original Sleeping Beauty. I'm eloping with her, and you've got her jewels."

"Pardon me, Jim," he says in his gentlemanly way, "if I don't quite see— are you taking her off to melt her or marry her? For how-to-get-rid-of her else?"

The poor old creature had halted, too, three paces ahead of us and waited while we whispered, with the moonlight that shinned down into the lane whitening her bare neck and flashing on her jewels.

"One moment," I said and stepped forward to her; "you had better take off those ornaments here, my dear, and give them to my servant to take care of. There's a carriage waiting for us at the end of the lane, and when he has stowed them under the seat we can climb in and drive off!"

"To the end of the world—to the very rim of it, my hero."

She pulled the gems from her ears, hair and bosom and handed them to Peter who received them with a bow.

Next she searched in her pocket and drew out a tiny key. Peter unlocked the case, and, having carefully stowed the diamonds inside, locked it again, handed back the key, touched his hat and walked off toward the doegart.

"My dearest lady," I began, as soon as we were alone between the high walls, "if the devotion of a life!"

Her bare arm crept into mine. "There is but a little time left for us in which to be happy. Year after year I have marked off the almanac; day by day I have watched the dial. I saw my sisters married and my sisters' daughters, and still I waited. Each had a man to love her and tend her, but none had such a man as I would have chosen. They were none like you, my prince."

"No, I dare say not."

"Oh, but my heart is not so cold. Take my hand—it is firm and strong; touch my lips—they are burning!"

A low whistle sounded at the top of the lane. As I took her hands I pushed her back, and, turning, ran for my life. I suppose that as I ran I counted forty before her scream came, and then the sound of her feet patterning after me.

She must have run like a demon, for I was less than ten yards ahead when Peter caught my wrist and pulled me up on to the back seat of the doegart. And before George could set the horse going her hand clutched at the flap on which my feet rested. It missed its grasp and she never got near enough again. But for half a minute I looked into that horrid face following us and working with silent rage, and for half a mile at least I heard the patter of her feet in the darkness behind. Indeed, I can hear it now.

Nonconformist Beliefs.

Half a century ago omens were still generally believed in. So, too, were charms. I had a cousin who seriously undertook to charm away winter and was believed to have succeeded. She was supposed to have inherited the secret from her father, a Wesleyan minister. My uncle, a farrier, and by no means a credulous man, when about to visit London for the first time, feeling some trepidation, consulted a doctor. The doctor handed him a small vial of quicksilver, which was certain to keep in the pocket to avert all harm.

Doubtless the doctor laughed in his sleeve, for doctors were then getting incredulous, and I remember it being commonly said of another practitioner that he believed neither in God nor devil. Nearly twenty years later, when a cousin who, born a Wesleyan, had turned Quaker, and came up to London to the annual gathering of that body, he showed me, with a smile, the identical vial of mercury. His mother, good soul, had borrowed it from her brother so that her son might likewise benefit by it.—Westminster Review.

The Stubborn Man.

You think it shows strength to be stubborn and unforgiving, but it's a mistake. It shows weakness. The greatest soul in the world can pity himself and nurse his troubles; he gets a sort of enjoyment out of it. It's awful easy, too; it's not necessary to have any particular talent, nor any bung but the commonest bung; but, after all, it's necessary to have mind, and anything but a selfish disposition.

—Clement C. Reed, in "The Battle Invisible."

A DOMESTIC COMEDY.

THE VARIED RESULTS OF REARRANGING THE FURNITURE.

Mrs. Blank's Mania For Changing the Appearance of the Room Brought Trouble to the Male Contingent and Sorrow to Herself.

"Do you change the position of the furniture when you clean a room?" asked a housewife No. 1 of a friend in the course of a heart to heart talk.

"Do I? Why, yes, indeed! I don't feel as if the room is cleaned unless I change the furniture a little bit. Do you?"

"Well, I usually change the ornaments around and so forth, but in the spring and fall I like to change everything in a room—completely alter the whole appearance of it. Then I fancy the things are all new, and they seem to look prettier somehow. But, do you know, my husband doesn't like it at all!"

"Neither does mine! Isn't that singular? Men are so peculiar."

"Yes, indeed they are!"

So many housekeepers share the views of these two that a story with a moral will not be out of place.

It was the other night only that Mr. Blank went ungraciously up stairs to bed at an unusually early hour, leaving his wife behind in the sitting-room. He had a headache and carried a goblet of water in his right hand. Fearlessly advancing into the dark room, Mr. Blank suddenly felt both legs violently cut from under him. He clutched wildly at the air and said several things of an exclamationary nature, but there was nothing to save him. He went down.

"Good gracious, Henry!" ejaculated Mrs. Blank, hurrying to the scene of disaster. "What is the matter? Where are you? Why don't you light the gas?" Sutting the action to the word, she helped her husband sprawling across the bed; the glass he had carried had discharged its contents across the pillowshams and shivered on the place to be present."

At the appointed time they came. The pile was set on fire and the implements destroyed. The following week a correspondent sends the following story of an old Virginia gentleman:

Some years before the war a gentleman of large landed interests counted among his possessions a plantation on the James river, an estate of considerable dimensions. Other interests kept him away from the old place for some time, during which time there was a marked increase in the revenue. Upon his return to the plantation he discovered that many of the slaves were laid up with rheumatism and other miseries, the farrials implements were fast going to rats and ruin. Calling his overseer he said:

"Anderson, I notice a great many old

wagons, bobs and carriages about the place. Have them brought and piled up in front of the house, and on Monday next order all the niggers on the place to be present."

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Some years before the war a gentleman of large landed interests counted among his possessions a plantation on the James river, an estate of considerable dimensions. Other interests kept him away from the old place for some time, during which time there was a marked increase in the revenue. Upon his return to the plantation he discovered that many of the slaves were laid up with rheumatism and other miseries, the farrials implements were fast going to rats and ruin. Calling his overseer he said:

"Anderson, I notice a great many old

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STATE ISLAND SHUT OUT.

Short Hills Hockey Team Scores Another Notable Victory.

The Short Hills hockey team was again victorious Saturday afternoon on their home ice, where they defeated the All-State Island hockey team 7 to 0. The game was marked by fast playing and some good team work on the part of the home players, while the visitors were woefully deficient in this respect. In the first half the Short Hills team scored three goals and four in the second, while at the same time they kept their own goal safe.

Palmer and Johnson, the centers, faced off, and, by a spirited dash, the Staten Island players shoved the puck along the ice near the Short Hills' end. Wimble, Turner and Johnson figuring in the play. Gwynne checked its advance near the side line, and, by a combination of play, worked it into Staten Island territory. The same player and D. Campbell tried shots, but both missed. Each side had the puck in turns, and from one of these scrimmages Deen passed to Palmer, the latter trying a lift for the goal, but W. Donald knocked it down.

Deen shot the first goal for Short Hills after about eight minutes of play unassisted. He secured it out of a rummage near the side, and dribbling it around the bunch of players, rushed it up the ice and shot twenty-five feet from the goal. The second goal was made by Owen, and was the feature play of the game. The third was scored by Gwynne just before the half closed.

As in the first half, the puck during the second was for the greater part of the time in Staten Island's territory. The first attempt for goal here was made by Gwynne, but it was blocked by De Raimes, a Summit boy, who was playing goal for the visitors. He also stopped the effort of D. Campbell, deflecting the rubber with his skate.

A remedy which an Old Virginian says is infallible. An old Virginia horse breeder who is visiting in New York claims to have an infallible cure for cataract. "It seems to me," he said "that 90 per cent of the people of New York city suffer more or less from cataract. If they will do as I suggest, they can cure themselves in short order.

"A friend of mine who used to live in Yonkers had such a severe case of cataract that he was compelled to give up his business and go to Colorado.

The doctors told him that the high altitude of that state would benefit him. He remained in Colorado nearly a year and then found himself as badly off as when he left Yonkers. After he had made up his mind that nothing could cure him and that he might as well die at home as among strangers he met an old tinker, who gave him the remedy, which cured him in three months.

"Dissolve a little powdered alum in a pint of elder vinegar. Use the solution as a gargle three or four times a day. It won't do any harm if you swallow some of it. Two or three times a day, but particularly just before going to bed, dip a chicken feather in vaseline and stroke the feather up the nostrils. I suppose any contrivance bought at a drug store for the purpose will do just as well as a chicken feather, but the old tinker insisted that there was some medicinal virtue in the feather."

The gargoyle clears the throat and the lower portions of the air passages from the nostrils. The vaseline heats the diseased condition of the affected parts.

In a week the sufferer will feel better, and if he will keep up the treatment he can be assured that he will be cured."

—New York Mail and Express.

MR. SOMMER'S VERSATILITY.

A Successful Advertising Agent Scores a Splendid Success as Concert Manager.

The residents of Newark are indebted to F. N. Sommer for a musical treat, which it is doubtful if that section of New Jersey would have ever enjoyed but for his enterprise and energy.

It was the appearance there last Friday night in the Krueger Auditorium of John Kubelink, the famous violinist, and few men other than Mr. Sommer would have had the temerity to incur the enormous expense necessary to produce this concert. It was a success financially and artistically, but the latter was the point which afforded Mr. Sommer the greatest pleasure, for he is an ardent lover of music. His splendid achievement with this concert and a previous effort when he brought the famous Strauss Orchestra to Newark furnished ample evidence of a versatility that reaches the point of genius for this sort of work and may lead to more important and larger enterprises of a similar character in the future.

By these two pieces of managerial work Mr. Sommer has added materially to a reputation scored in other directions and that is known principally among newspapermen in the state. He is first of all an advertising manager and as such insures a success that may well be described as phenomenal.

Starting in a modest way about twelve years ago in that direction, he has built a business strictly in newspaper advertising that is more extensive than concerns in New York and other cities that have been in existence for half a century. Every first-class local or daily newspaper in the state has profited from his work, and in the fraternity his success as a concert manager is regarded with deep pleasure. He is indeed with the hope that it is not likely to attract him from the line of work in which he has been so prominent for more than a decade.

WINE AND WATER.

A Simple Little Trick is Once Effective, and Mysterious.

Here is a trick that is always effective, and, while it is very simple indeed, still it is bound to appear just a wee bit mysterious, and many, especially your little brothers and sisters, will be unable to explain it.

Take two ordinary claret glasses and fill one to the brim with claret and the other equally full with clear water.

Cover the top of the glass containing water with an ordinary visiting card so that there are no places around the edge uncovered by the card. Turn the glass upside down and place it on the top of the glass containing claret and adjust the glasses so that their edges meet exactly all the way around.

Now move the card slightly to one side so that there will be a little space at one side of the glasses inside uncovered by a card. At once a thin stream of claret will begin to rise through this space, not mixing with the water at all, but its edges clear and sharply defined. The water, too, will begin to descend into the glass containing the claret, pure, glistening white stream against the reddish red.

The stream of claret, too, rising through the sparkling white of the water presents a beautiful effect, and in a moment the claret will begin to spread about the top of the upper glass as the unfolding of a red rose and the water will spread in the bottom of the lower glass. The two fluids will not mix, but will present a delightful contrast of red and white with sharply defined edges.

In a very short time the claret and water will have changed places, the claret being in the upper glass and the water in the lower. This is due to the difference in weight of the liquids; water, being the heavier, forces itself into the lower glass, and a portion of the claret is moved up to take the place of the descending water. —New York Herald.

CURE FOR CATARRH.

A Remedy Which an Old Virginian Says is Infallible.

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Mr. Sommer's Arm Deadly Weapon.

"Another man has been killed by a blow of the fist, which suggests the thought that at first the naked fist of a man, given proper impetus by a well developed biceps, is an exceedingly dangerous and destructive instrument," said a man who for many years lived at Yonkers in the Cherokee Nation.

"It recalls a bit of history local to the Indian Territory," he continued. "Not far from the Arkansas live there lived a half breed who went by the name of John Sixkiller. He was a bad man, but not bad in the ordinary southwesten way—that is to say, he was not a gun fighter, although he enjoyed a general mixup immensely, and until the Cherokee council intervened he indulged in many such affairs.

"After three men whom he had laid out had died of their injuries the council (tribal legislature) met and passed an act declaring that John Sixkiller's right arm is a deadly weapon and that he is forbidden to use it against an adversary except to protect himself from death or great bodily injury."

Pussy's Sponge and Hairbrush.

Cats large and small make the most careful toilet of any class of animals, excepting some of the opossums. Lions and tigers wash themselves in exactly the same manner as the cat, wetting the dark, India-rubber-like ball of the fore foot and the inner toe, and passing it over the face and behind the ears. The foot is thus at the same time a sponge and brush, and the rough tongue combs the rest of the body.

After the Wedding.

The Countess—You've no idea how embarrassed the count was when he proposed to me.

The Dear Friend—I heard it took considerable time of your father's money to pay his debts.—Fudge.

Not More Than Half Way.

Dashaway—Well, old man, did you make up with your best girl?

Cleverton—Yes, but I thought never I would succeed in convincing her that I was wrong.—Brooklyn Life.

SUMMIT RECORD, JANUARY 11, 1902

POULTRY POINTERS.

A safe rule in feeding is to give enough to satisfy and no more.

Droppings should not be allowed to accumulate in the poultry house longer than a week.

Some dust supplies an abundance of bone-making material and counteracts any tendency to diarrhea.

When possible give the poultry house a southern exposure and furnish that side with an abundance of light.

White wheat is one of the best grains to feed to fowls, it should not be fed to excess or it may cause diarrhea. Feed it with other grains.

Loss of feathers is generally caused by want of green food or want of a dust bath. Supply both, and, as a local application, use mercurial ointment.

Breed the best flesh formers for market; then feed them up to as great a weight as possible. Well fattened, well dressed poultry bring the best prices.

A Point of Order.

One of the conspicuous features in the decorations of a certain official building is a full length portrait of George Washington. Being just behind the speaker's chair, it is in full sight of everybody who rises to speak. During a heated discussion, which involved the honor of the state and nation, a member rose and pointing to the portrait, began in oratorical style. "By those eyes that never quailed before an enemy, by that nose!"

Then he was interrupted by a member in the rear, who rose to a point of order.

"Mr. Chairman," said the objector, "I claim it is out of order under parliamentary rules to call the eyes and nose in a committee of the whole."—New York Times.

Of Course She Was Glad.

"So you overcame that old antipathy of yours," her husband remarked, "and called on Mrs. Bobbiles?"

"Yes."

"Do you think she was glad to see you?"

"I am sure of it."

"Ahem! You must have some reason for that belief outside of her assurances."

"I have. I had on the old dress that was made over twice, my hat was out of style, and my hair had become uncured, while she had on a gown that could not have come from anywhere but Paris. Could she help being glad to see me?"—Leslie's Weekly.

Harvard University.

Harvard University derives its name from Rev. John Harvard, its earliest benefactor, who in 1638 bequeathed one-half of his estate, amounting to \$800, for the endowment of the college. Harvard hall was built in 1765, Hollworthy hall of brick in 1812, Stoughton hall, also of brick, in 1764. Stoughton hall, being of the same dimensions and material as Hollis, was built in 1804, and a writer of 1817 states that "its appearance is somewhat in the modern style."—Boston Budget.

How It Resembled Mother's.

"No," said Mr. Meddergrass to the restaurant man; "no, I'll not say that your pie is just like mother used to make, but I'll say this—it's purt' nigh as 'crusty as she used to git!"—Baltimore American.

First National Bank, MORRISTOWN, N. J.

CHARTERED IN 1866.

Capital, \$100,000.

Surplus and Undivided Profits, \$160,000.

THEO: LITTLE, President, ALBERT H. VERNAM, 1st Vice President.

JOSEPH H. VANDOREN, Cashier.

GUY MINTON, 2nd Vice-Pres.

Interest allowed on deposits of \$100 and upward, subject to checks

at the rate of 3 per cent

per annum, from date

of deposit until

withdrawal.

DREIER'S, 375 SPRINGFIELD AVE.

FOR MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS,

SPORTING GOODS, TRUNKS,

SUIT CASES, AND A FINE

LINE OF SKATES,

WHICH ARE SOLD AT CITY PRICES.

Musio Furnished for All Occasions.

Instruments Given on All

String Instruments.

Proprietors of Three Stores:

SUMMIT, PLAINFIELD AND NEW BRUNSWICK.

Twenty-five loads of fine soil will be sold cheap. Apply to Patrick Kelly, Summit, N. J.

ORANGE SCHOOL OF BUSINESS.

MAIN AND CENTRE STS., ORANGE, N. J.

A school of the highest grade, fitting students for the best positions. Recent graduates have been placed in positions at salaries from \$10 to \$15 per week. Students may begin now and graduate by the end of June.

CALL OR WRITE FOR PROSPECTUS.

COLEMAN BUSINESS COLLEGE, Newark, N. J.

When you are seeking a Business Education be sure and select the best school. We have just leased the entire top floor of the new five-story building, corner of Academy and Halsey Streets, which, together with the large and commodious rooms we now occupy, makes our school the largest and finest equipped in the country.

Specialties:

English Branches, Business Studies, Shorthand, Typewriting, Telegraphy.

The Summit Bakery invites trial bakers from those who desire high class bread, cake, pie, etc. One trial will prove the excellence of ours.

Competent office help cheerfully furnished. Telephone 2324. Elevators for our new building, cor. Academy and Halsey Streets. R. COLEMAN, President.

Live or Preserved Poultry Vegetables and Eggs, Fish and Oysters, Game

not the storagehouse kind, is what we receive from our Long Hill Poultry Farm daily. A visit to our store, 376 Springfield Avenue, will convince the careful housekeeper that we are the leading Poultry dealers of Summit.

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